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February

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and

TRIGGER



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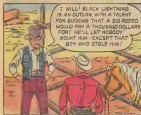
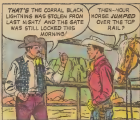
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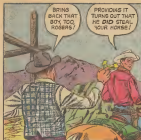
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Roy Rogers and Trigger in BLACK LIGHTNING



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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





DUCK, LIGHTNING!
FIGHT HIM OFF!



REEE!

AS ROY RAKES HIS THROAT, A WILD YELL
COMES FROM THE ROCKS AT ONE SIDE...

WITH A SCOWL OF RAGE, THE BLACK CHARGES,
MOUTH OPEN, DODGING THE LOOP!



IT'S YOUR
RIGHT, TRIGGER! I'D
ONLY HINDER--

TIGGER MEETS THE
ATTACK WITH A HARD
SHOULDER AND SNARLING JAWS!



GOSH!!

BUT ROY'S FOOT, LANDING, STRIKES
A ROUND, LOOSE STONE...



...AND HE FALLS HARD, WITH HIS
HEAD STRIKING ROCK!



GA-EE-EE-EE!
ARR-UNNN!

STRUCKING AND BITING, THE TWO RASHWICENT BEASTS TRAMPLE ALMOST ON TOP OF ROY'S STILL FORM! SOONER OR LATER, A CRUSHING HOOF IS BOUND TO LAND!



I CAN'T LET HIM--
GET KILLED!

RISKING HIS OWN LIFE, BILLY LANG DIVES IN TO RESCUE ROY!



HE TRIED TO CATCH
LIGHTNING, BUT I CAN'T
SEE HIM TRAMPLED!



OH! HE'S
BRATEN LIGHTNING!
HE'LL KILL HIM!



I WON'T LET ANY HORSE
KILL LIGHTNING! HE'S THE ONLY
FRIEND I'VE GOT!



I--HE'S LET LIGHTNING
GO! I WON'T HAVE TO SHOOT!
I'D HATE TO, ANYHOW!



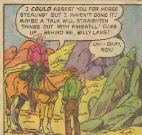
A HARD NUZZE WITH TRIGGER'S NOSE
BRINGS A GRUNT FROM HOT'S LIPS!







UNDER ROY'S SYMPATHETIC TOUCH, THE PIERCE TENSION LEAVES BLACK LIGHTNING'S MUSCLES!





LEAVING KINSELL'S RANCH...

RON, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU! AND ON TOP OF ALL--YOU GOT KINSELL TO PAY ME MY WAGES FOR THE LAST OF THE MONTH!

THEY WEREN'T MUCH, BILLY!



BLACK LIGHTNING BELONGS TO YOU--LEGALLY, NOW! BUT I'LL CONSIDER THAT YOU OWED ME TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS, BILLY! YOU CAN PAY ME BACK WHEN YOU'RE... EARNING REAL MONEY!



I'VE GOT ENOUGH WAGE MONEY SAVED UP TO BRUISTAKE ME FOR A FEW WEEKS... AND I WANT TO PREPARE FOR PLACER GOLD! THE "SHEDS' LOST POCKET," TO TELL THE TRUTH! I KNOW IT'S A LONG CHANCE, BUT...



BUT HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE THAT MAY BE WORTH MORE TO YOU.

A-A BILL OF SALE FOR LIGHTNING? YOU HAD KINSELL MAKE IT OUT IN MY NAME? BUT IT WAS YOUR HORSE!



IN TOWN--AT THE LONGHORN RESTAURANT...

BILLY, I CAN GET YOU A RIDING JOB ON A RANCH, NOT TOO FAR FROM WHERE BLACK LIGHTNING IS RANGING.

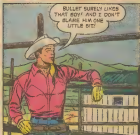
THANKS A HEAP, RON! BUT I- I'VE GOT AN IDEA I'D LIKE TO TRY FIRST!



OLDER MEN THAN YOU HAVE BEEN BITTEN BY THAT "BUG," BILLY! GO TO IT! THE "SHEDS' LOST POCKET" IS SOMEWHERE IN THOSE HILLS WHERE WE LEFT LIGHTNING.

THAT'S WHAT I'VE HEARD!





Several times in the next three weeks, BULLET makes the trip from LONGHORN TO BILLY LEAVING GRIP IN THE HILLS—AND BACK AGAIN! BUT ONE DAY FINDS HIM HEADING FOR TOWN ON A RUN!





MADE DESPERATE BY GREED, BOTH MEN DODGE AND CRAN...



... ONLY TO FEEL THE SHOCK OF BOY'S BULLETS
KNOCKING THE WEAPONS FROM THEIR HANDS!



BREED OF THE PIONEERS

Pieces of Eight



The dusty covered wagon of the Taylor family reined up at the adobe hut with its cool well, a good spot for an overnight stay. Cal Taylor and his young son Danny helped the mother and two girls out.

The tall, thin man who came out of the hut was oddly pale of skin, despite the hot western sun.

"Tex Alder's the same, and I've been sick indoors a lot, folks," he explained immediately. "Need some money quick to get well. Reason I'm telling you is because I'm ready to sell my map to an old fort, loaded with Spanish gold and silver!"

The Taylors stared at each other, astonished. Tex Alder paused to give them a drink from his well. Danny's eyes narrowed, noticing that Alder cranked up the heavy wooden bucket with no sign of "weakness" at all. And didn't men serving prison terms come out with untanned skin?

Alder was unfolding a map, which showed a winding trail through the hills to a broad river. "Stumbled on fort ruins here, along a cliff. Most folks forget their history, how the Spanish were out west long before us. They founded Santa Fe in 1609. Left some old river forts. And look what I dug up there . . ."

He held out some round coins of silver and some eight-sided coins of dull gold, stamped with the portraits of Spanish royalty of the 17th century.

"Why, those are doubloons and pieces-of-eight!" exclaimed Danny excitedly.

"Right, Sonny. I see you remember your history lessons," praised Alder. "Now, I'm too weak for that long trip and hard dig-

ging there. So name me a fair price for my map, and you get all the coins you can dig up. Maybe \$5,000-\$10,000—or more, who knows?"

"Why, that would save us years of hard struggles at cattle ranching, like we planned," said Taylor, feeling for the leather pouch tied to his belt. Danny knew it held their grubstake of \$500 to start in ranching.

"Wait, Dad," spoke up Danny, suspiciously. "How do we know there's really a fort at all? He might just be using those few coins as bait to swindle us . . ."

"That's right," smiled Alder, seemingly without rancor. "Well, I'll just wait till the next party comes along and make them the offer." He folded up the map and turned away.

Cal Taylor glared at his son. "He's not trying to pressure us into it, like a swindler would. He's a sick man, desperate for quick cash, that's all."

Danny swallowed, his face burning.

Taylor called Alder back. Yet something was wrong and Danny couldn't quite pin it down. . . .

"Don't, Dad!" yelled Danny suddenly, as the light dawned. "The map's a fake and there's no fort. The coins are counterfeit, too, even if they're made of real gold and silver. Alder made imitation Spanish coins with his own mold."

"Those are mighty serious words, son," frowned Taylor, "accusing a man of crooked dealing without one shred of proof."

"Here's the proof," cried Danny, holding out two of the coins, one gold, one silver. "Tex Alder should have studied his history better himself before he made these fake coins—out of the wrong metals. Spanish doubloons were always made of gold. Pieces-of-eight out of silver. Look at these . . ."

The round doubloon was silver, the eight-sided coin yellow!

"You're going to explain all this to the sheriff," said Taylor, quietly.

Danny grinned. Tex Alder really looked sick now.

Roy Rogers

and
TRIGGER

*A CIRCUS
COMES TO TOWN*





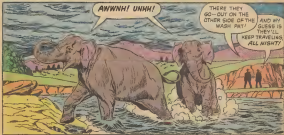
JUST AHEAD OF THE LEADING TRUCK, A THREE-FOOT CURRENT IN THE RIVER HAS EATEN AWAY THE ROAD...

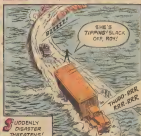


SUDDENLY, THE LEADING TRACTOR SLIDES FORWARD, TIPPING AS THE GROUND GIVES AWAY. THE DRIVER SINGS HIS SHIRE -- TO KEEP THE BOX FROM FALLING SIDEWISE.



THE DOORS FLY OPEN, CLANGING--AND TWO HALF-GROWN ELEPHANTS PLUNGE OUT!





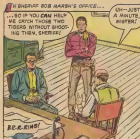


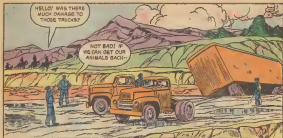


... AND THE SMELL OF FRESH-BAKED APPLE PIE!



IN THE DARKNESS OUTSIDE THE PENITENT WINDOW, TWO BIG SHAPES MOVE OFF--ONE SUCKING THE BURNED TIP OF HIS TRUNK AND GRUNGLING TO HIMSELF!

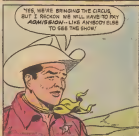












CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES



TWO HUNDRED YARDS AWAY A WILDERNESS DRAMA IS BEING CRAFTED





A FLASHING OF BLACK, BAREFOOT SOLES — — —
A CRASHING OF WILLOWS — — — AND BRIAN
IS GONE!





"HIS NAME WAS JEAN PAUL ROBART, BUT MOSTLY HE WAS CALLED "GRIZZLY" BECAUSE OF HIS SIZE. HE COULD TWIRL A FOUR-POUND AXE LIKE A SWITCH IN HIS FINGERS."

"GRIZZLY ROBERT WAS ALWAYS GOOD-NATURED. BUT WHEN THE BOYS HOOVERED HIM A LITTLE TOO FAR--"



"---HE SOMETIMES SURPRISED THEM!"



"---AND LIFTED HALF THE LOAD'S WEIGHT, SO THE HORSES COULD GET IT STARTED AGAIN--GRIZZLY WAS A FRIEND OF MAN AND BEAST!"



"ONE DAY HE SAW A LOSING TEAM STUCK IN A MUD HOLE."



"ONCE I SAW HIM TALKING TO A LITTLE BITTY CHICK-- AGE, THAT WAS PERCHED ON HIS BIG FINGER!"





"BUT THE FUNNIEST THING I EVER SAW GRIZZLY ROBERT DO, WAS ONCE WHEN WE WERE DRIVING LOGS. THE RIVER WAS PRETTY WELL COVERED WITH 'EM

"SURE ENOUGH, THERE WAS A YOUNG BOE, CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DRIVE --- LIKELY TO BE CRUSHED ANY MINUTE, THE LOGS WERE BUMPING ALONG



"THE REST OF US ALL THOUGHT GRIZZLY ROBERT HAD LOST HIS HEAD ---"



"HE'S CRAZY! NO MAN COULD GET THE CRITTER OUT OF THIS DRIVE!"

"--- WHEN SUDDENLY GRIZZLY ROBERT LET OUT A WHOOP ---"



"HE REACHED HER --- AND WE SAW HIM PEND OFF A LOG THAT WOULD HAVE ENDED HER SWIM



"SOMEHOW HE MANAGED TO LIFT HER WITHOUT
OVER-BALANCING."



"FARRE, MA PETITE? I HAVE
YOU SAFE NOW..."



"DON'T THAT, WILL YOU?
NO MAN BUT BRIZZLY
COULD DO IT!"

"—AND WITH THE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-POUND
DOE UNDER ONE ARM, AND HIS POLE FOR A BALANCE,
HE STARTED FOR SHORE."



"HE'LL NEVER
MAKE IT! LOGS ARE
TOO FAR APART
NEAR THE BANK!"

"HE WAS MAKING LEAPS FAR WIDER THAN AN ORDINARY
MAN WOULD EVEN DARE! ——— BUT HE
NEVER MISSED!"

"SHE STOOD THERE WATCHING, AS BRIZZLY BOBART
WADDED BACK TO CATCH A PASSING LOG."



"ADDER, LITTLE ONE!
NEXT TIME YOU CROSS
WAIT UNTIL THE RIVER
SHE IS PROPER!
HOHO, HO!"



"NO, NO, NO! WE
ARE ARRIVED—
LOVE!"

"SO DON'T TELL ME THAT ANIMALS AREN'T EVER
GRATEFUL! I'VE SEEN IT, AND I

"BUT I'LL NEVER
DOUBT IT, CHARLEY!"

"BUT I MIGHT
COULD MEET BRIZZLY
BOBART SOME
DAY!"





the hunter's herbs

ILLUSTRATION BY J. M. W. TURNER

The Indians who live on the shores of the Great Lakes are fine hunters and trappers and often use wild plants as lures for game. One tribe uses the roots of the blue wood "later burned in a fire to make a smoke which attracts deer. A smoldering fire of the dried roots is made on a day when a gentle wind will blow the smoke into the woods. The hunter hides himself near the fire until the deer approach.

Another little known trick is to wash muskrat traps in water in which the leaves of the alternate-leaved dogwood shrub have been boiled. The very powerful scent drifts away in the water when the muskrat starts to walk in a lake and muskrats follow the scent right to the trap. To remove any odor of a previous catch from a trap, these Indians wash them in boiling water filled with pieces of maple tree bark. When the trap is set it is scented and does not frighten away other animals!

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TRACKING

Here are some of the "signatures" animals make with their feet. They are drawn as they would appear if a perfect print were made—of the animal were walking on soft, wet ground or on snow. The hunter or trapper seldom sees them this way. Usually, only a part of the animal's foot will show, and, sometimes, the frontiersman sees only a few claw scratches. This is particularly true in dry country or on rocky ground.

It is important to be able to recognize the print each animal makes, but a hunter must also know the habits of the animal he is tracking. If he sees small, many-toed prints, which look like those of a raccoon, far out on dusty, dry land, the experienced hunter will know that they are more likely those of some other animal. Raccoons like forested land and they usually stay near water.

Many animals make prints that are quite similar. A coyote's prints look very much like a wolf's except for size, and it's sometimes very hard to tell a large dog's tracks from those of wolf or coyote unless you understand the animal's habits and know where he will most likely be found. Domestic animals, lost in the woods, make tracks, too. The cloven hoof of a small pig can be mistaken for that of a deer and a tame ox's hoofprint looks very much like that of a buffalo. The frontiersman can recognize tracks but he understands the wild animals, too, and this is what really makes him a good hunter.



WOLF



STRIPED
BEAR



COYOTE



WHITE-TAILED
DEER



RACCOON



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